

I had a little daughter,
And she was very bright,
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some way be free,
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how often she has
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heavenly smile
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair.
For it was a sunny and golden
And as many changes took
As the shadow of a sun-ray
On the yellow top of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her knees and her feet,
And I feel from her lips the sweet smile,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending an angel through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And I hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Saw my little daughter's face,
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingars,
But loosed her hampered strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left her dead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seemed like her in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled,
When I wake in the morning I see it,
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel weak as a violet
Alone to hearken the awful cry.

As weak, yet as trustful, also,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature,
Still worked for the love of me,
Wide wander, and dew drip earthward,
Rain falls, sun rises and set,
Earth whirles, and all but to prosper
A poor little victim.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot lift it to rest,
I cannot lift it to my father's
And I feel it upon my breast,
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And she is my little one's child,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

HOROLOGY.

WHAT should we do without clocks and watches?
Is there anything comparable to the misery of be-
ing lighted on one's wayward road with a watch
that has stopped in one's waistcoat? Is there any-
thing more vexatious than to find a watch that
clock within view to tell one the time? Is there any-
thing more vexatious than to find a watch that
set, every minute's tramping on the dusky, murky
road seems as an hour. We have a train to catch
a dinner to be in time for, or a distant meeting to
attend, at which it won't do to be late. On ordinary
occasions, when one is collected, we might be
able to compute the time, but in such cases, or
our reckoning deceits us. It may be five, or six,
or seven, for all we know; we should not be sur-
prised to hear it was eight. Our notions get muddled,
and on our trudge, breathless, nervous and ir-
ritable, pretty certain, too, to find in the end that
we have been deceived by our own reckoning.

But it is of no use asking how we should get on
without clocks and watches. The timepiece may
almost be said to be the mainspring of civilization.
It is so intimately connected with all our wants,
it is so completely the regulator of all our occupations,
that we have become, as it were, its slaves; and
we can no more imagine the state of social existence
without it than we can imagine the world without
wings, or any other thing that is totally impossible.

The first people who appear to have allotted the
day into portions were the Assyrians, who invented
the water-clock at a period too remote for precise
calculation. All we know for certain is, that the
apparatus existed before the overthrow of the first
Assyrian empire by the Babylonians, in the year
729 B. C., for we find by the traditions of the
early Persian authors that the use of it was general
in Nineveh under the reign of Phul, better known
as Sardanapalus the Second, the first monarch of
the second Assyrian Empire. This water-clock was
nothing more than a large vessel of cylindrical
shape, holding several gallons of water, in which
a small hole was bored in one of its sides, through
which the liquid was allowed to trickle; and it was
calculated that the vessel could empty itself about
five or six times a day. Under the reign of Phul,
the royal palace of Nineveh, and each of the principal
districts of the city, possessed a water-clock,
of the same shape and capacity, and they were filled
together, or as nearly as possible together, at the
signal of a watchman stationed aloft on a tower to
proclaim the rising of the sun, and they remained
all day in the keeping of officials, whose business
it was to fill them as soon as they became empty.

There was a regular staff of officers employed in
connection with the water-clocks, and, as was
often the case with the water-clocks, they were
spread through the streets showing on the face
for the benefit of the townspeople. In this way
a sort of rough computation of the flight of time
was held. The intervals between the filling and
emptying of the vessels were called "watches," and
were, probably, of two hours or two hours and
a half's duration. But it is hard to say whether
the water-clocks kept very steady pace with each
other; the difficulty of making by hand vessels of
the same size, of drilling them with holes of pre-
cisely the same diameter, and of supplying them
with water of just the same density, must have
given rise to even more irregularities than the
movements of our city clocks—those works
which Charles Lamb said that they allowed him to
walk from the Strand to Temple Bar in no time,
and gain five minutes!

The water-clock, or clepsydra, continued to re-
main in its primitive condition for many centuries,
and it was not until the invention of the clock
at Alexandria, five hundred and fifty-eight years
before Christ, that it underwent any improvement.
About that time, however, an Egyptian of Mem-
phis, a man called Clepsidra, was the first to
The hand revolved on a pivot, and communicated
with a string which was fastened to the work-
ing of the water-leak out the float fell to a float. As
the tension of the string caused the hand to move
by spasmodic jerks, something like those of the sec-
ond-hand on a watch of inferior make.

This reform, so efficacious enough in theory,
proved somewhat deficient in practice; for the old
difficulty about getting the clocks to go for the
same length of time when the system became com-
plicated with dial, needle, string and float. To in-
sure simultaneous action, the string or wire of the
different clocks ought to have been of the same
length and force; the needles also ought to have
been of a size and of a shape exactly similar in
point of height and circumference. And when

all this had been obtained, there was still the ques-
tion as to how to make the clock and watch
accurate in time. Often, through care-
lessness, or some other cause, the needle must have proved
obedient to the faint tug of the string, and the
float, in consequence, have remained suspended in
mid-air; whereupon, of course, the dial became
mad, and Egyptians, who skilled in innovations,
must have shrunk at the shoulders. But, notwithstanding
its drawbacks, the improvement was a very valuable
one, for no other reason than that it prepared the way for further changes, and
led to the perfecting of the clepsydra by the sub-
stitution of a system of dented wheels for that al-
ready in use. The wheels were set at work on the
watermill principle, and the addition of a second
needle to the dial allowed the clock to mark the
fractions of the different "watches." This was the
first step towards the clepsydra was concerned;
it dates from two hundred and fifty years before
Christ, and Egypt, which had become the great
mart of the new timepieces, exported them to the
different countries of the East as rare curiosities
and at fabulous prices. When Rome returned
to Rome, in the year sixty-two before Christ, from
triumphing over Tigranes, Antiochus and Mithri-
dates, one of the most valuable trophies he brought
with him from the treasures of the king of Pontus
was a clepsydra, marking the hours and minutes
according to the method of horology in use at
Rome. The cylinder which served as the dial for
the water was gold, as was also the dial-plate.
The hands were studded with small rubies, and
each of the cyphers that denoted the twenty-four
hours was cut out of a sapphire. It must have
been of enormous size, for the cylinder only
needed replenishing once a day. The Romans had
never seen anything like it, and when Pompey
caused it to be set up in the clivus that he had cap-
tured, it needed a strong guard of soldiers to protect
it against the indiscreet curiosity of the mob.

We come now to those ages of total darkness
which followed the overthrow of the Roman em-
pire, when science, art, and everything that was
refined fell into a state of total darkness. The bar-
barians who conquered the imperial city had very
primitive modes of marking the course of time.
They knew nothing about hours and minutes; they
had not sense enough to invent water-clocks, and
sun-dials, even had they been acquainted with
such things, they would have scorned them but little
lands as they were, where the sun shone on rare
occasions, and where cold, fog and rain held sway
for half the year.

However, it was necessary that they should know
when to prepare their meals of half-cooked meat,
when to gather in circles to listen to the preaching
of the priests, and when to relieve the sentries
who mounted guard at the gates of the city; and
so this is what they imagined. At the break of
dawn, when the chattering of the camp or
village rose, a boy-slave came and took up his
position at the entrance of his hut, and sat down
with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the
other empty, before him. His business was to
transfer the pebbles, one by one, and not too fast,
from the first helmet to the second, until he had
transferred his turn to some one else, who re-
peated the operation, and so on till dusk. As the
helmets were mostly very big, and the pebbles, on
the contrary, very small, the process of emptying
must have taken a good two hours. It is proba-
ble, therefore, that the days of these Franks and
Normans, though they were divided, like those
of the Assyrians, into six parts or watches,
as soon as a helmet had been emptied, the
fact was proclaimed through the camp by the
striking of a sword against a shield, gong fashion,
at the chief's door. The echo was caught up
around, and men knew that dinner-time had come.

But this was not the only method of marking the
time. There were other ways, which differed ac-
cording to the locality and the habits of the peo-
ple. In peasant districts, the laborer reckoned by
the number of furrows he could plow, or, if it was
harvest time, by the quantity of corn he could
reap. In towns, where some faint remnant of
civilization survived, the reckoning was kept
by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started
on foot, or, if the town was a large one, on horse-
back to walk round the city. When he had gone
his round the first watch was over; and he returned
to his quarters blowing loud on a trumpet, while
a second soldier set out in silence to perform the
second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day
and night, the only difference being that the watch-
man, instead of proceeding singly, went their
rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.

Finally, as a last instance of barbarous chrono-
metry, we may allude to the method employed by
the Arabs, the first of which, founded by St.
Benedict, was instituted, in the year 529, in the
sixth century (A. D. 529). The monks were in the
habit of computing time by the number of prayers
they could gabble, and it was hence that the custom
of wearing chaplets of beads arose. The task as-
signed to each monk was to recite as many *Pater-
noster* and *Ave* as the beads on his string, and as
the orthodox number of beads was supposed to be
thirty-three, it was, therefore, supposed to be
for each year of our Savior's life—there was work
for a full hour and a half, if conscientiously per-
formed. As in the case of the Arabian watchmen,
one monk was relieved by another, and the termi-
nation of the watch was notified to the community
by the tolling of the bell. We may add that
this custom continued unaltered in the Arabian
monastic establishments. In monasteries of the
west there is no such thing as a clock to be seen.
The only time-keepers are the shorn, be-
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A century after the fall of the Roman Empire,
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While France was thus showing to the front in
matters of science, Old England, with true con-
servative instinct, was still making time in a host
of antiquated, unimproved ways. Soldiers did not
ancestors betray any greater disposition to avail
the French inventions than we do in these days
when it is a question of taking up some good re-
form that comes to us from abroad. King Alfred,
who died 872 to 900, must certainly have
heard speak of the hour-glass; it is even very
probable that he possessed one of his own for the
monks and pilgrims, who were continually
tug and to between England and France, would
not have allowed a whole century to elapse with-
out bringing a specimen of the new invention to
this country. Yet Alfred devised a method of
computing time by means of a small lantern.
Anything more unsatisfactory and more
expensive than this it was impossible to imagine.
A rushlight, in those days, must have cost two
or three pence of our money; and, as the process of
refilling tallow had not then been discovered, there
were no means whatever of reckoning how long
the light of the lantern would continue to burn.
One might very well flicker and gutter for an
hour, whilst a second was just as likely to die
in ten minutes. It was not till the reign of
Edward the Confessor (1041-1066) that the use of
the hour-glass became pretty general in England;
and the first water-clock seen in this kingdom was
one brought to us by Richard Coeur de
Lion, a few years before he sailed for the throne.
We must now skip two centuries, during which
horology made no sensible progress, and come to
the reign of Charles the Fifth of France, when the
first real clock was set up. This was in the year
1574. The maker was one Henri de Vic, an Arab,
who had been converted to Christianity. This clock
was a monstrous machine, weighing six hundred
weight. It was moved by weights, was possessed
of a horizontal lever, and provided with a bell to
tell the time. There is a full description of it in
Poissonet. It was put up in the round tower of
the royal palace (now the Palais de Justice), and
the watchman, weighing in with the clock, was
paid monthly after it had been erected. The maker
received a pension of a hundred crowns of gold
for life, and was ennobled. He is the first artificer
upon whom this distinction was ever conferred in
France.

From this time the making of large clocks for
public edifice was carried on very extensively
over Europe; but it was not until the beginning
of the sixteenth century that small clocks were
made for apartments. The first we know of came
from Florence, in 1515, as a present from Giulio
di Medici (afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh) to
Francis the First of France. It was also in this
century that the clock of the sixteenth century was
first applied to the clock-calculation by Purbach in
1500. In 1560, the Danish astronomer, Tycho-
Brahe, the teacher of the great Kepler, set up
his magnificent observatory of Uraniburg clock
which marked both the minutes and the seconds.

The invention of watches had preceded by a few
years that of small clocks. Our ideas of a primi-
tive watch, however, are associated with a turnip;
the first watch of the sixteenth century, when
the Scotchman, Graham, invented the cylinder
escapement, that watches assumed this respectable
inconvenient shape. At first they affected all
sorts of fancy forms, such as those of acorns,
olives, walnuts, and crosses. They cost fabulous
sums of money, and were generally worn as pen-
dants hanging by a gold chain from ladies' bracelets.
Claude, wife of Francis the First, had no small
that it was set in a ring.

Popular tradition ascribes the invention of
watches to Peter Hele of Nuremberg, in the year
1480. But, then, it is a notorious fact that King
Robert of Scotland possessed one so far back as
the year 1360. His invention, however, is by no
means accounted for this discrepancy, the supposition
that watches were originally invented by a Scotch-
man, but that the maker died suddenly without
promulgating his secret. German watches were
not introduced at the English court until 1597.
The first watch in England was worn by the beautiful
Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is to Hugens of Zulheim that the greatest,
most almost say the last, progress in the art
of horology is due. But Hugens only caught up
an idea that had first occurred to the great Galileo.
Everyone knows the story of the lamp suspended
to the vault of the cathedral of Pisa, the oscilla-
tion of which, as the astronomer to reflect that
the isochronous movement of the pendulum might
well be applied to the measuring of time, Galileo
was only a boy when he stood watching the cathe-
dral lamp swing; but many years after, that is in
1639, the thought came into his head, and he
drew up a plan on paper for the making of a pen-
dulum clock. His invention was by no means
original, and the honor of the invention was there-
fore reserved for Hugens, who, in 1657, forwarded to the States General of Holland
the description of a timepiece, constructed on the
new principles. Its perfection lay in the introduc-
tion of the pendulum and of the spiral mainspring.
The name of Hugens deserves to be remembered,
for his pendulum clock is the most admirable and
yet most simple machine that has ever been in-
vented.

The invention of spring pocket watches, such as
we now wear, is owing to the Englishman Hooke,
it dates from 1658; and eighteen years after that
in the year 1676, the first repeating watch was
made at Amsterdam, from this time until the
present century, when our timepiece has reached
watches were invented, the science of horology
received no further developments; neither do we
well see how it can receive any, unless some future
Hooke or some future Hugens discovers a method of
making clocks go by electricity without giving rise
to the trouble of winding.

In these days it is mooted point as to which is
the best country in which to buy a watch or clock.
In the last century it was universally admitted
that the watches of Geneva were unrivaled, whilst
the sculptured wooden-case clocks made in the
Hertz street-grocery as well as the most valuable
point of artistic merit.
Geneva, from wishing to make too many, however,
somewhat lost her prestige for making well, and
Swiss watches have come to be looked upon with
some disfavour, especially in England. The battle
between the two general consent between the
France and Great Britain, our neighbors, dividing
themselves upon the exquisite beauty of their
little watches, whilst we, on the contrary, carry off
the palm for the soundness and finish of our men's
watches.

But there is one branch of horology in which
the French cannot even attempt to compete with
us, and that is in the making of chronometers.
The French chronometer is a thing to be compared
with the world over, and this is so because when we
remember the severe tests to which our chronom-
eters (that is, those used in her Majesty's
Navy) are subjected before they are approved by
the sign-manual of the Astronomer Royal, all
naval chronometers have undergone a probationary
trial of six months, and have been exposed for
two years at the Greenwich observatory, before
receiving their patent to go over the seas. During
this time they are submitted to all possible
scientific experiments, comprising all whole series
of changes of temperature, ordeal by fire, and ordeal
by water. So that it may well be said when one of
them passes the ordeal, that the man who makes
it deserves something more than the title of
mechanic; he should take rank as an artist,
and a first-rate artist too.

In conclusion, we may remark that the Green-
wich Observatory is often a depository for other
chronometers than those which are intended for
the fleet. Conscientious makers send the chronom-
eters they intend for the public to be tested there
before offering them for sale; and we should ad-
vise anybody about to purchase one of these valu-
able time-keepers to insist on the Greenwich mark
upon it, as he would for the Hall mark by buying
silver plate. It is well to be always on the safe
side.

HOPE.

THERE'S many a step in the path of life
That we walk with hearts that are bleeding.
There's many a life, through constant strife
Finds nought in this world worth heeding.

To such sorrowful souls, how little of hope,
And the beautiful trust that never fails,
Of promise so bright, which would fill with delight
And gladden each heart, grieve prevail.

There is many a year in the walks of life
That we pass in our sinful blindness;
There is many a mortal we could bless,
If our hearts were but filled with kindness.

Oh! better to trust, though the storm beats low;
The better than sad repining;
For better to give, more blessed to bestow,
Our love with kind acts entwining.

Far better to hope, though all seems dark,
And on us through the gloom is dawning;
For better to trust, far better believe
"Joy cometh with the morning."

The frequent marriage of widows seems to have
been always more or less discouraged, men being
allowed in this respect much greater liberty; but
St. Jerome mentioned a widow who married her
second husband, and the distinguished Seneca, who
married to twenty successive wives. The cham-
pionship appears, however, to belong to a Harlem
woman spoken of by Evelyn, in his Diary, whose
propensity for remarriage had to be checked by
law: "She had been married to her twenty-fifth
husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited
to marry in future."

THE TAYLOR J.C.—Do you know what it is? Dr.
Tung met an emigrant family going West. On
one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bot-
tom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doc-
tor. "Why, it is a Taylor Jug," said the man.
"And what is a Taylor Jug?" asked the doctor
again. "I had a son in Genl. Taylor's army in Mex-
ico, and the general always told him to carry his
whiskey Jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's
it. It is the best invention I ever met with for
hard drinkers."

The editor of the *Citizen Appeal* recently saw
a white boy and a little colored boy latched up
together as horses and a China boy was holding
the reins and driving them.

WEDDED LOVE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discloses
Some slight default as fails to meet
The hidden eyes of lovers.

Why need we care to ask? who dreams
Without their tears of roses,
Or wonder if the lady's hand
The husband's hand is loosed?

The realist's spark discloses
A ball in mutual passion lies
In love's true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

CHILDREN.

"A little child said I looked them,"
One cold market morning I loomed into a mill-
ner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-
bred young man, from the country, with his
long ear whig, and long hair, and long coat,
some little matter, and turning it about on his great
fat. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's
honest! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a
swan's down border, white as the new fallen snow,
with a full of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman holding,
with a small prairie, the baby, and she was
the baby. Any one could read that fact in her
glance, as they looked at each other, and then at
the large unconscious eyes, and fat, dimpled
cheeks of the little one.

It was evident that neither of them had ever
seen a baby like that before.
"But really," said the young man, "isn't
three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking
the little bonnet, tied it on the little head, and held
up the baby. The man looked, and without another
word down went the three dollars—all the avails
of the baby's mother. As they went out of the
shop, it was hard to tell which looked the most
delighted with the bargain.

"Ah," thought I, "a little child said I looked them,"
Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory
along one of our principal back streets, I saw a
young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough
body of a carriage stood beside him, and there,
trapped up snugly, sat a little girl, with her
white dark-eyed girl, with her
with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the
looked up from his work, and turned admiringly
towards his little companion, as much as to say,
"See what I have got here!"

"Yes," thought I, "and if the little lady ever
gets a glance at me, she will be as much as
Ah, these children, little witches, pretty even in
all their faults and absurdities. See for example,
yonder little fellow in a naughty fit. He has shaken
his long curls over his deep blue eyes; the fair
is bent in a frown; the rose-leaf lip is pushed
up in defiance; and the white shoulder thrust
angrily forward. Can any boy be so proud, yet
even in his naughtiness?"

Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles
and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush,
and you are overwhelmed with protestations, prom-
ises, and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these
little ones, and you say to yourself, "I will
about his paper, and say to yourself, "I will
books; and what can he do? They can't read news-
papers, let the carpets, break, pull, and upset,
and then jabber in French in self-defence;
and what can you do for yourself?"

And I had a child, says the precise man, "you
should see."
He does have a child, and his child tears up his
papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose,
like all other children; and what has the precise
man to say for himself? Nothing! He is like every
body else; "a little child said I looked them."

The hardened heart of the worldly man is un-
touched by the gentlest tones and simple caresses
of his boy; but he gives up in time by imparting
to his son all the crooked tricks and calumnious
ways have upon himself.

Go to the jail, the penitentiary, and find there
the wretch most sullen, brutal and hardened. Then
look at your infant son. Such as he is to you,
and your mother was this man. That hand
was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender

and lisping; fond eyes followed him as he played,
and he was rocked and cradled as something holy
there was a time when his heart, soft, and tender,
right have been open to questionings of God and
Jehovah, and had been the world of heaven.
But harsh hands seized it; fierce golden filaments
were impressed upon it; and all is over with him
forever!

So, of the tender, weeping child, is made the
callous, heartless man; of the all believing child,
the sneering skeptic; of the beautiful modest
the shameless and abandoned; and this is what
the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood on
earth, and little children sought to draw near to
him. But harsh human beings stood between them
and them, forbidding their approach. Ah, has it
of God; but the cold world will close around and
forbid. When, of old, disciples would question
their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom,
he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a
sign of him who should be greatest in heaven.
The gentle teacher remains still to us. By every
hearth and family Jesus still sets a little child
in the midst of us.

Wouldst thou know, O parent! what is that child
which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling
polemics, or creeds and forms of theology, but
draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that
clear, trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be
only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is
done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed, "when a
little child shall lead thee."

Mrs. H. B. STOWE.

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